THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

VOL. II. PART II.

A

THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

VOL. II. PART II.

Containing IMITATIONS of HORACE and Dr. DONNE.

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THE TABLE.

PART II.

SATIRES and EPISTLES of *HORACE*.

The

The TABLE.

SATIRES

SATIRES and EPISTLES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED,
With SATIRES of Dr. *DONNE*
VERSIFYED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Occasion of publishing these* Imitations *was the Clamour rais'd on some of my* Epistles. *An Answer from* Horace *was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr.* Donne, *seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the* Princes *and* Ministers *under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr.* Donne *I versified at the desire of the Earl of* Oxford *while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of* Shrewsbury *who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to incourage, the mistaking a* Satyrist *for a* Libeller; *whereas to a* true Satyrist *nothing is so odious as a* Libeller, *for the same reason as to a man* truly virtuous *nothing is so hateful as a* Hypocrite.

— Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

THE

FIRST SATIRE

of the Second Book of

HORACE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
1 There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay, 5
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
3 I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee. 10
F. 4 I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
5 And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.

Horatius. Trebatius.

HOR. 1 *SUnt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
Legem tendere opus; 2 *ſine nervis altera, quicquid*
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci *poſſe.* 3 *Trebati!*
Quid faciam? præſcribe.
TREB. 4 *Quieſcas.* HOR. *Ne faciam, inquis,*
Omnino verſus? TREB. *Aio.*
HOR. *Peream male, ſi non*
Optimum erat: 5 *verum nequeo dormire.*

I nod

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious —— take a Wife:
6 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20
7 Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise:
8 You'll gain at least a *Knighthood,* or the *Bays.*
P. What? like Sir 9 Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound you ears asunder, 25
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

TREB. 6 *Ter uncti*
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.
7 *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*
CAESARIS *invicti res dicere,* 8 *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*
HOR. *Cupidam, pater optime! vires*
Deficiunt: 9 *neque enim quivis* horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo *describat vulnera* Parthi.

F. 10 Then

F. 10 Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. 11 Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And juſtly CAESAR ſcorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

F. 12 Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter. 40
13 Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.

TREB. 10 *Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,*
Scipiadem ut ſapiens Lucilius.

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*
Cum res ipſa feret: 11 *niſi* dextro tempore, *Flacci,*
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris *aurem*;
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

TREB. 12 *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
13 *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt* intactus, *& odit.*

P. 14 Each

P. 14 Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
15 F-- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50
16 I love to pour out all my self, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul stood forth, not kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose my self, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

HOR. 14 *Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto*
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:
15 *Castor gaudet equis*; ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia: 16 *me pedibus delectat claudere, verba,*
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim
Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

My

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
17 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
20 Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
21 Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
22 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Vita senis. Sequor hunc, 17 *Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*
[*Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,*
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania, bellum
Incuteret violenta] 18 *Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro*
Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus, quem cur distringere coner,
19 *Tutus ab infestis latronibus?* 20 *O Pater & Rex*
Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat 21 *cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*
Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
22 *Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe,*

Sacred

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong. 80
23 Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libel'd by her hate.
24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels, 85
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug.
25 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poyſon you, they'll only cheat. 90
26 Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd, 95
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;

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23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*
Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:
24 *Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque*
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? 25 *Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti*
Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
26 *Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus*
Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Whether

Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write?
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
27 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!

P. 29 What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men; 106
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*?
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain 111
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not ſo ſtrip the gilding off a Knave, 115
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?

Dives, inops, Romæ, ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,
27 *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*

TREB. 28 *O puer, ut ſis*
Vitalis metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HOR. 29 *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
30 Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quiſque per ora*
Cederet, introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,

I will

will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120
31 To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
32 There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
And * HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;
Scilicet 31 UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
32 *Quin ubi se a* vulgo & scæna, *in* secreta *remorant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, & *mitis* Sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

* *Charles Mordaunt* Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took *Barcelona*, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplish'd the Conquest of *Valentia*.

34 *Envy*

44 *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate, 134
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140
This is my plea, on this I reſt my cauſe——
35 What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. 36 Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men — ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times 145
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
37 Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*

—— *Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis*
Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniumque, tamen me
34 *Cum* magnis vixiſſe *invita fatebitur uſque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido; ——

35 — *Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,
Diſſentis.

Treb. 36 *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum.

37 " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
" Judiciumque."

See *Libels, Satires* — here you have it — read.
P. 38 *Libels* and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 151
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve ——
F. Indeed?
The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed; 155
39 In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dimiss'd.

HOR. *Esto, siquis* 38 mala; *sed* bona *si quis*
Judice condiderit laudatur CAESARE: *si quis*
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
39 *Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.*

THE

THE

Second SATIRE

OF THE

Second Book

OF

HORACE.

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THE

Second SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE.

1 WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
2 (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk 3 before we dine.
5 Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
4 But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules. 10

---

1 *QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo*
(Nec meus hic Sermo, ſed quem præcepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, abnormis *ſapiens* craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite 5 *non inter lanceis,* menſaſque nitenteis,
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, *& cum*
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat;
3 *Verum hic* impranſi *mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?*
Dicam ſi potero——

8 Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
9 Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain break and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
20 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
21 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Thō' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

— 8 *Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus* ——
Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. -- 9 *Foris est Promus, & atrum*
Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso *est* * * *
10 *Vix tamen eripiam, posito* pavone, *velis quin*
Hoc potius quam gallina *tergere palatum* —
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? — 11 *Laudas insane,* trilibrem
Mullum, *in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.*
Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros *odisse* lupos? *quia scilicet illis*
Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

12 Oldfield

12 Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
Cries " Send me, Gods! a whole Hog * barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, 13 South winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink? 30
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
15 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee; 35
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
16 The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40

---

12 Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem *(ait* Harpyiis *gula digna rapacibus) at vos*
Præſentes Auſtri! coquite horum opſonia: Quamvis
Putet aper, rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum, cum rapula *plenus*
Atque acidas mavult inulas. 15 *Necdum* omnis *abacta*
Pauperies *epulis regum: nam* vilibus ovis
Nigriſque eſt oleis *hodie locus.* ——
16 *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque* ciconia *nido,*
Donec vos auctor docuit Prætorius.— *Ergo*

* A *Weſt Indian* term of gluttony, a Hog roaſted whole, ſtuff'd with ſpice, and baſted with *Madera* wine.

17 Let me extol a Ca', on oysters sed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head:
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

18 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

19 Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a 20 dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented patridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
21 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some 22 lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

---

17 *Si quis nunc* mergos *suaves edixerit* assos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus,
18 *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofella*
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravum detorseris. 19 *Avidienus*
(20 *Cui* Canis *ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret)*
Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.
21 *Ac nisi* mutatum *parcit defundere* vinum, *&*
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, *aliosque dierum*
22 Festus *albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

V. 42. *Bedford-Head.*] A famous Eating-house.

At

At ſuch a feaſt, 23 old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear;
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart, 60
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
24 He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor 25 ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away; 65
Nor lets, like 26 Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, ſoul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
27 Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: 28 The ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh, 71
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)

Caulibus *inſtillat*; 23 veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
24 *Mundus erit qui non offendat ſordibus, atque*
In neutram partem cultus miſer. 25 *Hic neque* ſervis
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia dedit,
Sævus *erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex* 26 *Nævius*, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: *vitium hoc quoque magnum.*
27 *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*
Afferat. 28 *In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res*
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ

Re-

Remembers oft 29 the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air. 75
30 How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines 80
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
31 On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe? 85
32 Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;

Quæ ſimplex 29 olim *tibi ſederat; at ſimul aſſis*
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertunt, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. 30 *Vides ut pallidus omnis*
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum *quoque prægravat una,*
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
31 *Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori*
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
32 *Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:*
Sive diem feſtum *rediens advexerit annus,*
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: *ubique*
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the ſickneſs of long life, Old age;
33 For fainting Age what cordial drop remains, 95
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
34 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe?
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt; 100
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
35 Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
'Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105
6 That ſweeteſt muſick to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)

Imbecilla *volet.* 33 *Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam*
Quam puer & validus præ-ſumis mollitiem, ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
34 Rancidum aprum *antiqui laudabant, non quia naſus*
Illis nullus erat, ſed credo *hac mente, quod hoſpes*
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. 35 *Hos utinam inter*
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet!
36 *Das aliquid* Famæ? *(que* carmine gratior *aurem*
Occupat humanam) Grandes rhombi, patinæque

Who

Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy! 110
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy 38 neighbours, thy trustees, thy self,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And 39 buy a rope, that future times may tell 115
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
40 "Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
"To have a Taste, is insolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unweildy, and my heap too great. 120
Then, like the Sun, let 41 Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the 42 new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 126

Grande ferent una 37 *cum* damno dedecus. *Adde*
38 *Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
39 *As,* laquei *pretium.* ——— ———
——— 40 *Jure, inquis, Thrasius istis*
Jurgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 *Ergo*
Quod superat, *non est* melius quo *insumere possis?*
Cur eget indignus quisquam *te divite? quare*
42 Templa *ruunt* antiqua *Deum? cur* improbe! *carae*
Non aliquid patriæ *tanto emetiris avervo?*

Or

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M** o's was, but not at five per cent.
43 Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind. 130
And 44 who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
45 Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought
And always thinks the very thing he ought. 136
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than if now 46 *Excis'd*; 140
In foreſts planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On 47 broccoli and mutton, round the year;

Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
43 *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*
44 *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*
Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello? [lum,
45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus* Oſel-
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc 46 acciſis. *Videas*, metato *in agello,*
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam præter 47 olus *fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.*

But

But 48 ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play) 145
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away,
'Tis true, no 49 Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these ckicks my own:
50 From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 151
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then 51 chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 156
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My Life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after 52 Standing Armies came. 160

At mihi cum 48 longum post tempus *venerit hospes.*
Sive operum vacuo, *&c.* —— *bene erit, non* piscibus *urbe petitis,*
Sed pullo *atque* hædo; tum 50 pensilis uva *secundas*
Et nux *ornabit mensas, cum* duplice ficu.
Posthac ludus erit 51 *Cuppa potare Magistra,*
Ac venerata Ceres, *ut culmo surgeret alto,*
Explicuit vini contractæ seria frontis.
Sæviat, atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego *parcius aut* vos,
O puer, nituistis, ut huc 52 novus Incola *venit!*

My

My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt, 165
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT! as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." — 170
Well, if the Uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's 53 *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to 54 Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare; 175
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure 55 equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome 56 ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
57 Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 181
Become the portion of a booby Lord;

---

53 *Nam* propriæ telluris *herum natura neque illum*
Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille.
Illum aut 54 Nequities, *aut* 55 vafri inſcitia juris,
Peſtremo expellet certe 56 vivacior hæres.
57 *Nunc ager* Umbreni ſub nomine, *nuper* Oſelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedet in uſum

And

And Hemsley, once proud * Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
58 Let lands and houses have what Lords they will, 185
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. 58 *Quocirca vivite fortes!*
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

* Villers Duke of Buckingham,

The FIRST EPISTLE

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE

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HORACE.

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why 2 will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
See Modest 3 Cibber now has left the Stage:

PRIMA *dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ!*
2 *Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris*
(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. 3 *Vejanius Armis*
4 *Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus argo,*

Our Gen'rals now, 4 retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
Not 5 fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
6 A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your 7 Muse take breath,
" And never gallop Pegasus to death;
" Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell then 8 Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy,
What 9 right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is All: 20
To lay this 10 harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what 11 Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the 12 storm, at any door I knock, 25
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

Ne populum 5 extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ.
6 *Est mihi, purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;*
" *Solve 7 senescentem mature sanus equum, ne*
" *Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.*"
Nunc itaque, & 8 versus, & cætera ludicra pono,
Quid 9 verum *atque* decens, *curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum*
10 *Condo & compono quæ* mox *depromere possim.*
Ac ne forte roges, 11 *quo me* duce, *quo* Lare *tuter?*
Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
12 *Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor* Hospes.

Some-

Sometimes a 13 Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, 14 and as warm as true: 30
Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my 15 native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

16 Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away, 36
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' 17 unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That 18 task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,

Nunc agilis *fio, & mersor* 13 civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ custos, 14 rigiduſque ſatelles.
Nunc in * *Aristippi* 15 furtim *præcepta* relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.
16 *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque*
Longa videtur opus debentibus, *ut piger annus*
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda 17 *fluunt* ingrataque *tempora, que spem*
Consilium morantur *agendi gnaviter* 18 id, *quod*

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res.

Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure, 45
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
19 Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome 20 comfort, not to be a fool.
21 Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to 22 go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy 23 blood rebel, thy boſom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
(24 Between the Fits) this fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which (25 freſh and freſh ap-
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd)

Æque pauperibus *prodeſt.* locupletibus *æque,*
Æque neglectum pueris, ſenibuſque *nocebit.*
19 Reſtat, *ut his ego me ipſe regam,* 20 *ſolerque,* Elementis.
21 *Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,*
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Eſt quâdam prodire 22 *tenus, ſi non datur ultra.*
23 *Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque Cupidine pectus?*
Sunt verba *&* voces, *quibus hunc lenire dolorem*
Poſſis, & 24 *magnam morbi deponere partem.*
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt 25 *certa* piacula, *quæ te*
Ter *pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

Be

Be 26 furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk, 60
27 Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch 28 Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
29 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world, no 30 bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate,
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of 31 pale Poverty! 70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
And 32 ease thy heart of all that it admires?

---

26 *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus,* 27 Amator,
Nemo 28 *adeo* ferus *est ut non mitescere possit,*
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
29 *Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruisse ——
—— *Vides, quæ* 30 *maxima credis*
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpem que repulsam,
Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per 31 *mare* Pauperiem *fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:*
Ne cures 32 *ea que* stulte *miraris & optas*
Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? **

Here, Wisdom calls: 33 "Seek Virtue first! be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: 34 Get Mony, Mony still!
"And then let Virtue follow if she will." 80
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From 35 low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose 36 quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Westminster.

BARNARD in 37 spirit, sense, and truth abounds. 85
"Pray then what wants he?" fourscore thousand [pounds,
A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a 38 *Cit*, with all thy worth;
But wretched Bug, His *Honour*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry 39 child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

" 33 *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum* —
" 34 *O cives, cives! quæ renda Pecunia primum est,*
" *Virtus post nummos* — *Hæc* 35 Janus summus *ab* imo
Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata, senesque,
36 *Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*
Est 37 *animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque*—
Si quadringentis sex, septem millia desint,
38 Plebs *eris* ——
39 *At pueri ludentes,* 'Rex *eris (aiunt)*

Be this thy 40 Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

41 And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at 42 CRESSY and POITIERS? 100

43 Who counsels best? who whispers "Be but great,
"With Praise or Infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a 44 Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
And foremost in the Circle Eye a King.
Or 45 he, who bids thee face with steddy view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
And, 46 while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If 47 such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;

"*Si recte facies.*" *Hic* 40 murus aheneus *esto,*
Nil conscire *sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ!*

41 *Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum*
Nænia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus 42 Curiis, *& decantata* Camillis?

43 *Isne tibi melius suadet, qui* "*Rem facias, rem,*
"*Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.*"
Ut 44 *propius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupi!*
An, 45 *qui Fortunæ te responsare superbæ*
Liberum & erectum, 46 præsens *hortatur, & aptat?*

47 *Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

If

If honeſt S * z take ſcandal at a ſpark,
Who leſs admires the 48 Palace than the Park;
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer 49 Reynard gave:
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave; 115
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt 120
The 50 People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold: 125
Their 51 Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews,
Some keep Aſſemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews,
Some 52 with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn, 130
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;

Non, ut 48 *porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,*
Nec ſequar aut fugiam quos diliget ipſe, vel odit?
Olim quod 49 *Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni*
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
" *Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.*
50 Bellua multorum *eſt* capitum, *nam quid ſequar, aut quem?*
Pars hominum geſtit 51 *conducere* Publica: *Sunt qui*
52 *Cruſtis &* Pomis, *Viduas venentur avaras,*
Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittant.

While

While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs 53 hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each 54 purſues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
But ſhow me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job 55 ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
56 Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſy, or that 57 Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen; 145
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the 58 ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

---

53 Multis *occulto creſcit res fœnore* —
—— 54 *Verum*
Eſto, aliis alios rebus, ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
55 " *Nullus in orbe locus* Baiis *prælucet amœnis:*"
Si dixit Dives, 56 *lacus & mare* ſentit *amorem*
Feſtinantis *heri. Cui ſi* 57 *vitioſa* Libido
Fecerit auſpicium, *cras*, " *ferramenta* Teanum
" *Tolletis, fabri!* ——
—— 58 *Lectus genialis in aula eſt?*
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:

59 The

59 The Fool whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151
Did ever 60 Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
"Well, but the 61 Poor-The Poor have the same itch;
They change their 63 weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, 156
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
They 64 hire their sculler, and when once a-board,
Grow sick, and damn the climate — like a Lord. 160
65 You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if Coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linnen worthy Lady Mary!
But when 66 no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind, 166
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One 67 ebb and flow of follies all my life)

---

59 *Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.*
60 *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*
Quid 61 pauper? *ride*: *mutat* 62 cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, 63 tonsores; *conducto* 64 *navigio, æque*
Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
65 *Si curtatus* inæquali *tonsore capillos*
Occurro, rides; si forte subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar,
Rides: quid? 66 *mea cum pugnat* sententia *secum,*
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
67 *Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto,*

I 68 plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
69 You never change one muſcle of your face, 171
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor 70 once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with my ſelf agree, 175
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my 71 Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own; 180
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd, [preſs'd;
Rich 73 ev'n when plunder'd, 75 honour'd while op-
Lov'd 76 without youth, and follow'd without power,
At home tho' exil'd, 74 free, tho' in the Tower:
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
Juſt 72 leſs than Jove, and 77 much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n — 78 except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

---

68 *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*
69 *Insanire putas solennia me; neque rides,*
Nec 70 Medici *credis, nec* Curatoris *egere*
A Prætore *dati? rerum* 71 *Tutela mearum*
Cum sis, & pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te suspicientis, *Amici.*
Ad summan, Sapiens *uno* 72 *minor est* Jove! 73 *Dives!*
74 *Liber!* 75 *honoratus!* 76 *pulcher!*
— 77 *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue sanus — 78 *Nisi cum pituita molesta est.*
* *Doctor of* Bedlam.

THE

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of (speech,
So take it in the very words of † Creech.]
2 This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

NIL Admirari, *prope res est una, Numici!*
Solaque, quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
2 *Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis*

There

† From whose Translation of *Horace* the two first lines are taken.

There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view 3 this dreadful All without a fear. 10
Admire we then what 4 Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of 5 Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or 6 Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
Say with what 7 eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the 8 pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing;
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we 9 joy, or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.

Tempora momentis, sunt qui 3 *formidine nulla*
Imbuti, spectent.—
—4 *Quid censes munera Terræ?*
Quid Maris, extremos Arabas 5 *ditantis, & Indos?*
Ludicra, quid, 6 *plausus, & amici dona Quiritis,*
Quo spectanda modo, 7 *quo* sensu *credis, &* ore?
8 *Qui* timet *his adversa, fere miratur eodem*
Quo cupiens *pacto; pavor est* utrique *molestus:*
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque.
9 *Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat metuatve, quid ad rem?*
Si, quicquid videt melius, pejusve sua spe,

Thus

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away; 25
For 10 Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
11 Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a *Taste* to double the surprize, 30
And gaze on 12 Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright 13 Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at 14 Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
From 15 morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For 16 Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall 17 One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41
Sigh, while his Cloë blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?

Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
10 *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem *si petat ipsam.*
11 *I nunc, argentum & marmor* 12 vetus, *æraque & artes*
Suspice; cum gemmis 13 *Tyrios mirare colores:*
Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus 15 *mane forum, & vespertinus pete tectum:*
16 *Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*
Mucius. Indignum, quod sit pejoribus ortus!
17 *Hic tibi si potius, quam tu, mirabilis illi?*

Yet

Yet 18 Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS, and may darken thine: 45
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, 19 with all Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords;
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

21 Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone? 55
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be 22 bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains; 61
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

---

18 *Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet Ætas,*
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. 19 *Quum bene notum*
Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appi,
Ire tamen reſtat Numa 20 *quo devenit &* Ancus.

21 *Si latus, aut renes morbo tententur acuto,*
Quære fugam morbi ——

— 22 *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*
Si virtus hoc una *poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis*
Hoc age deliciis ——

23 But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns, 65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly 24 then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
23 Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a 26 Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch 27 Friends — as cannot fail to laſt. 80
A 28 Man of Wealth, is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.

— 23 *Virtutem verba putas, ut*
Lucum ligna? 24 *cave ne portus occupet alter,*
Ne Cybiratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
25 *Millie talenta rotundentur, totidem altera: porro*
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet 26 *Uxorem* cum dote, fidemque & 27 Amicos.
Et genus & formam *regina* 28 *Pecunia donat:*
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadola, Venuſque.

Believe

(Believe me, many a 29 German Prince is worse,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
His Wealth brave 30 Timon gloriously confounds; 85
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
31 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
32 If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
33 But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris 29 Cappadocum rex;
Ne fueris hic tu ——
—— 30 *Chlamydes Lucullus (ut aiunt)*
Si posset centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,
Qui possum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habebo
Mittam. Post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
31 *Exilis domus est, ubi non & multa* supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. 32 *Ergo,*
Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum.
Hoc primus repetas opus hoc postremus omittas.
33 *Si Fortunatum species & gratia præstat,*

Then 34 hire a Slave, (or if you will, a Lord) 100
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom 35 to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who 36 rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;
"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 106
"That makes three Members, this can chuse a May'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him 37 Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and 38 laugh at your own Jest.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 111
If 39 to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite — 115
So 40 Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

---

34 Mercemur *servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum*
Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere. 36 *Hic multum in* Fabia *valet, ille* Velina:
Cuilibet hic fasces dabet, eripietque curule
Cui volet importunus *ebur.* 37 *Frater, pater, adde:*
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque 38 facetus *adopta.*
Si, 39 *bene qui cœnat, bene vivit;* "*Iucet eamus*
"*Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur:*" *ut* 40 *olim*
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum

Or

Or ſhall we 41 ev'ry decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121
42 K——l's lewd Cargo, or Ty——y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125
Renounce our 43 Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with 44 Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well. 130
45 Adieu —— if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

—— 41 *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*
Quid deceat, *quid non, obliti: Cerite cera*
Digni, 42 remigium vitioſum *Ithacenſis Ulyſſei,*
Cui potior 43 patria *fuit interdicta voluptas.*
44 *Si (Mimnermus uti ſenſet) ſine* amore jociſque,
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore, jociſque.
45 *Vive, vale! ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace *and the Judgments past in his Epistle to* Augustus, *seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to* His Prince; *whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an* Absolute Empire. *But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those Virtues which contribute to the Happiness of a* Free-People, *and are most consistent with the Welfare of our* Neighbours.

This Epistle will show the Learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; *whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate:* Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri, *&c. The other, that this Piece was only a* general Discourse of Poetry; *whereas it was an* Apology for the Poets, *in order to render* Augustus *more their Patron.* Horace *here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the*

the Town, *whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the* Court *and* Nobility, *who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the* Emperor *himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of* Greece *had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their* Morals *were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that* Satire *and* Comedy *were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the* Ill Taste *of the* Nobility; *that Poets under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the* State; *and concludes, that it was upon them the* Emperor *himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.*

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace *made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.*

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

WHile You, great Patron of Mankind! 1 ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
2 How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal 5
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal?

CUM tot 1 ſuſtineas & tanta negotia, ſolus;
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in 2 publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

3 Edward

3 Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more 4 ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
5 Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath, 15
6 Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt,
7 Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away! 20
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, 8 but mature the praiſe:

---

3 *Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,*
Poſt ingentia facta, 4 *Deorum in templa recepti,*
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
5 *Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem*
Speratum meritis. Dirum qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit 6 *Invidiam ſupremo fine domari.*
7 *Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes*
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
8 *Præſenti Tibi* maturos *largimur honores:*

Great

Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
9 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
10 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
11 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly † Skelton Heads of houses quote:

---

9 *Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*
10 Nil oriturum *aliàs*, nil ortum tale *fatentes.*
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens & justus in uno,
Te nostris Ducibus, Te Graiis *anteferendo,*
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; &, nisi quae terris semota, suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.
11 *Sic fautor* Veterum, *ut tabulas peccare vetantes*
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

† Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldly, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

One

One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for * Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
12 He swears the Muses met him at the † Devil.
Tho' justly 13 Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell, 45
We build, we paint, 14 we sing, we dance as well,
And 15 learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If 16 Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t'immortalize?

---

12 *Dictitet Albano* Musas *in monte locutas.*

Si, quia 13 *Græcorum sunt antiquissima quaeque*
Scripta, vel optima; Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ; 14 pingimus, *atque*
Psallimus, & 15 luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si 16 *meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;*
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

* Christ's Kirk o' the Green, a Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

† The Devil Tavern, where Ben. Johnson held his Poetical Club.

" Who

" Who lasts a 17 century can have no flaw, 55
" I hold that Wit a Classick, good in law.
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him 18 Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By 19 courtesy of England, he may do.
Then, by the rule that made the 20 Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt 21 down Ancients like a heap of snow; 65
While you, to measure merits, look in 22 Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a 23 Bier.
24 Shakespear*, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
For

" *Est vetus atque probus*, 17 *centum qui perficit annos.*
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno;
Inter quos referendus erit? 18 *veteresne poetas,*
An quos & præsens & postera respuet ætas?
" *Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur* 19 honestè,
" *Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.*
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut 20 *equinæ*
Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat elusus, ratione 21 *ruentis acervi,*
Qui redit ad 22 fastos, *& virtutem æstimat annis,*
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod 23 Libitina *sacravit.*
24 *Ennius (&* sapiens, *&* fortis, *&* alter Homerus,

*Shakespear and Ben. Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
25 The Life to come, that makes a Poet's Creed.
Who now reads 26 Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay * Pindaric Art,
But still 27 I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, 28 surely, these were famous men!
" What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
In all 29 debates where Criticks bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

Ut Critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur,
Quo 25 promissa *cadant, & somnia* Pythagorea.
26 *Nævius in manibus non est; at* 27 *mentibus hæret*
Pæne recens:
" 28 *Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema!*
" *Ambigitur* 29 *quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert*
" *Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:*
" *Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;*
" *Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;*
" *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.*

many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his *Dotages*.

* —— *Pindaric* art, which has much more merit than his *Epic*, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

" Of

" Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
" How * Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; 85
" But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
" These, 30 only these, support the crouded stage,
" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.
31 All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
To 32 Gammer † Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Publick is a Fool.

" *Hos edisci, & hos arcto stipata theatro*
" *Spectat Roma potens*; 30 *habet hos numeratque poetas*
" *Ad nostrum tempus, Livi scriptoris ab ævo.*
51 *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.*
Si 32 *veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,*
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet: errat:

* *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

† *Gammer Gurton*, a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries.

But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
* Spenser himself affects the 33 Obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on 34 Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in 35 prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel, and Archangel join, 101
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
36 Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like 37 slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he 38 read at school.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
One Simile, that 39 solitary shines
In the dry desart of a thousand lines,

Si quædam nimis 33 antiquè, *si pleraque* 34 durè
Dicere credit eos, 35 ignavè *multa*; *fatetur*;
Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
36 *Non equidem insector*, delandaque carmina *Livi*
Esse reor, memini quæ 37 plagosum, 38 mihi parvo,
Orbilium *dictare* —— *Sed emendata videri*
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ 39 verbum emicuit *si forte* decorum, &

* *Spenser himself affects the obsolete.*] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal measures, as well as the language, of Chaucer.

Or

Or 40 lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
41 I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.
42 On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which 43 Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps * a muster-roll of Names)
How will our Father's rise up in a rage, 125
And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
You'd think 44 no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

Si 40 versus *paulo* concinnior *unus & alter;*
Injuste totum *ducit venditque poema.*
41 *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse*
Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.
42 *Recti necne* crocum floresque *perambulet* Attæ
Fabula, *si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem*
Cuncti pæne patres, *ea cum reprehendere coner,*
Quæ 43 gravis Æsopus, *quæ doctus* Roscius *egit.*
Vel quia nil 44 *rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;*

* *A muster-roll of Names.*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill. 130
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards. 45 or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
46 Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſ-allow 135
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
47 In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd; 140
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
* "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, &, quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam 45 Saliare Numæ carmen *qui laudat, & illud,*
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos, noſtraque lividus odit.
46 *Quod ſi tam Græcis* novitas *invita fuiſſet,*
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
47 *Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis*
Cœpit, & in Vitium fortuna labier æqua;

* A Verſe of the Lord Lanſdown.

* Then Peers grew proud in 48 Horſemanſhip t'excell,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britains fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then 49 Marble ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on 50 animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul. 150
No wonder then, when all was Love and ſport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;
† On 51 each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But 52 Britain, changeful as a Child at Play, 155
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;

Nunc Athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit 48 equorum
49 *Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;*
Suſpendit 50 *picta vultum mentemque tabella;*
Nunc 51 *tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:*
52 *Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,*
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?

* *In Horſemanſhip t'excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Parthenifſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*.

† *On each enervate ſtring*, &c.] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.

Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause. 160
53 Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock
His servants up, and rise by five o' clock,
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to Church, his Son to school.
To 54 worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good 55 Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one 56 Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Op'ra's, Theatres, Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, 57 lye, 175
Not ——— 's self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;

Hoc Paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi
53 *Romæ dulce diu fuit & solenne, reclusa*
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos 55 *nominibus certis expendere nummos,*
54 Majores *audire, minori dicere, per quæ*
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, 56 *& calet uno*
Scribendi *studio; pueri, patresque severi*
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina *dictant.*
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior 57 *Parthis* mendacior, *& prius orto*
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & scrinia posco,

When,

When, ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit. 180

58 He ſerv'd a 'Prentiſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
* Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n 59 Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But 60 thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet Sir, 61 reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State; 190
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely 62 Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his 63 Plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

---

58 *Navem agere* ignarus *navis timet: abrotonum ægro*
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, *dare: quod* medicorum *eſt,*
Promittunt 59 *Medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:*
60 *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.*

61 *Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania, quantas*
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige; Vatis 62 avarus
Non temere eſt animus: 63 *verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;*

* Ward.] A famous Empirick, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time.

64 Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To 65 cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter:
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre.
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then —— a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
* And (67 tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
68 What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

Detrimenta, 64 fugas *servorum*, incendia *ridet*;
Non 65 fraudem Socio, *puerove incogitat ullam*
Pupillo: *Vivit filiquis, & pane secundo.* 66
67 Militiæ *quanquam piger & malus*, utilis urbi,
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,
68 *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat*:

* *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity; *(non bene relicta parmula,)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit filiquis & pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscænis — Mox etiam pectus — Rectè facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

What's

What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in publick with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King, 210
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a ſewd, or un-believing Court.
Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains) 215
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, 69 from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd.
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
Stretch'd to 70 relieve the Idiot and the Poor *,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And 71 ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.

Torquet 69 *ab* obſcænis *jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;*
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.
Recte facta refert; 70 *orientia tempora notis*
Inſtruit exemplis: 71 inopem *ſolatur,* & ægrum.

* A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

Not

Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with 71 Psalms:
The 72 Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion 73 touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse chears their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down 74 Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain,
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And 75 Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240
Our 76 rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:

Castis cum 72 *pueris ignara puella mariti*
Disceret unde 73 preces, *vatem ni Musa dedisset?*
Poscit opem Chorus, & præsentia numina *sentit;*
Cœlestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, 74 metuenda pericula *pellit;*
Impetrat & Pacem, *& locupletem frugibus annum.*
75 *Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.*
76 *Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,*
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,

The

The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And 77 Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
But Times corrupt, and 78 Nature, ill inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome 79 dread of ſtatues bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to 80 Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
77 *Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;*
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: 78 *donec jam ſævus apertam*
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: 79 *quin etiam lex*
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. Vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad 80 benedicendum, delectandumque *redacti.*

81 We

81 We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and 82 Numbers learn'd to flow.
* Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our 83 rustic vein 270
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation 84 breath'd from civil war.
Exact 85 Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire. 275
Not but the 86 Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:

---

81 *Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, & Artes*
Intulit agresti Latio, sic horridus ille
Defluxit 82 numerus Saturnius, *& grave virus*
Munditiæ *pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum*
Manserunt, hodieque manent, 83 vistigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post 84 Punica bella *quietus, quærere cœpit,*
Quid 85 *Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent:*
Tentavit quoque rem si digne vertere posset;
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, & acer:
Nam 86 *spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet:*

* Mr. Waller about this time with the E. of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

But

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And 87 fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The 88 humbler Muse of Comedy require?
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 89 285
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if 90 Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted Wit!
The stage how 92 loosely does * Astræa tread, 290
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed:
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky 91 eat with vast applause!
But fill their 93 purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

Sed 87 *turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque* lituram.
Creditur, ex 88 medio *quia res arcessit, habere*
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia *tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. 89 *Aspice Plautus*
Quo pacto 90 partes tutetur *amantis ephebi,*
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi?
Quantus sit Dorsennus 91 edacibus in parasitis!
Quam 92 non astricto *percurrat pulpita* socco!
Gestit enim 93 *nummum in loculos demittere, post hoc*
Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

* Astræa, a Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c.

O you! whom 94 Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your Courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
95 Farewel the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
96 There ſtill remains to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit: 305
A ſenſe-leſs, worth-leſs, and un-honour'd croud;
Who 97 to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, the 98 Bear, or the Black-joke,
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
Farce once the taſte of Mobs, but now 99 of Lords;
(For Taſte, eternal wanderer, now flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

Quem tulit ad ſcenam 94 *ventoſo gloria curru,*
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inſtat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit: 95 *valeat res ludicra! ſi me*
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
96 *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;*
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, & 97 *depugnare parati*
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut 98 urſum *aut* pugiles: *his nam plebecula gaudet.*
Verum 99 Equitis *quoque jam migravit ab* aure *voluptas*
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, *& gaudia vana.*

The

The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot 100 and horſe; 315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
* Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With 101 laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd, 320
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or 102 Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs 103 Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more; 325

Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt 100 equi.um *turmæ, peditumque caterva.*
Mox trahitur manibus Regum *fortuna retortis;*
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
101 *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu*
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive 102 elephas albus *vulgi converteret ora:*
Spectaret populum *ludis attentius ipſis,*
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem 103 *narrare putaret* aſello
Fabellam *ſurdo.* ———

* The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vyed with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

While

While all its 104 throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on 105 * Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's 106 petticoat;
Or when from Court, a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the 107 lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters —— hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
108 Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times, 340
To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:

—— *Nam quæ* 104 *pervincere voces*
Evaluere sonum referunt quem nostra theatra?
105 Garganum mugire *putes* nemus, *aut* mare Tuscam;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
106 Divitiæque peregrinæ, *quibus* 107 oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
"*Dixit adhuc aliquid?*" *Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?*
108 *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*
Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

* *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Oreades.

'Tis

'Tis He, 110 who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart, 345
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

111 But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their Mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill 112 a * Library with Wit,
When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355

Ira Poeta, 110 *meum qui pectus* inaniter *angit,*
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
111 *Verum age, & his, qui se* lectori *credere malunt,*
Quam spectatoris *fastidia ferre superbi,*
Curam redde brevem; si 112 *munus Apolline dignum*
Vis complere libris, *& vatibus addere calcar,*
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

* *Munus Apolline dignum.*] The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

† *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We 113 Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The 114 season, when to come, and when to go, 360
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt our selves, when to defend
A 115 single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat 116 unask'd; lament, the 117 Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And 118 from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Loüis, Boileau and Racine. 375

---

113 *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,*
(Ut vineat egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
114 Sollicito *damus aut* fesso: *cum lædimur,* 115 unum
Si quis amicorum *est ausus reprendere* versum:
Cum loca iam 116 *recitata revolvimus* irrevocati:
Cum 117 *lamentamur non* apparere *labores*
Nostros, & tenui *deducta poemata* filo:
Cum 118 *speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque*
Carmina *rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro*
Arcessas, *& egere vetes, &* scribere cogas.

Yet

Yet 119 think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the 120 Laureat's weighty place.
121 Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great 122 Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a 123 Russian Bear.

Sed tamen est 119 operæ pretium *cognoscere*, quales
Æd*i*tuos *habeat belli spectata domique*
Virtus, 120 indigno *non committenda* poetæ.
121 *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille*
Chærilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Qui tam Ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, *præter Apellem*,
Pingeret, *aut alius Lysippo duceret* æra
Fortis 122 Alexandri vultum simulantia: *quod si*
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
123 *Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*
[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera quæ, multa dantis cum laude, tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ:]

Not with ſuch 124 majeſty, ſuch bold relief, 390
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your 125 Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing! 395
What 126 ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How 127 barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
128 Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extreams your mediation own,
And 129 Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne——
But 130 Verſe alas! your Majeſty diſdains:
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains: 405

Nec magis expreſſi 124 *vultus per ahenea ſigna,*
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, 125 *quam* res *componere* geſtas;
Terrarumque 126 *ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces*
Montibus impoſitas; & 127 barbara regna, *tuiſque*
Auſpiciis totum 128 confecta duella *per* orbem,
Clauſtraque 128 *Cuſtodem* Pacis *cohibentia Janum,*
Et 129 *formidatam* Parthis, *te Principe, Ramam.*
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: ſed neque parvum
130 *Carmen* Majeſtas *recipit* tua, *nec meus audet*
Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recuſant.

The

The Zeal of 131 Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay 132 I bite.
A vile 133 Encomium doubly ridicules: 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools;
If true, a 134 woful likeneſs, and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he 135 bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like 136 Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

Sedulitas autem 131 ſtultè *quem* diligit, *urget,*
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris *commendat & arte.*
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud.
Quod quis 132 deridet, *quam quod* probat & veneratur.
Nil moror 133 *officium quod me gravat; ac neque* ficto
In 134 pejus *vultu proponi cereus uſquam,*
Nec pravè factis decorari verſibus, opto:
Ne 135 *rubeam* pingui *donatus* munere; *& una*
Cum 136 *ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,*
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur. HOR.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

DEar 1 Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
2 A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins —— "This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd! 5
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:

FLore, *bono clarò que fidelis amice Neroni,*
2 *Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum*
Tibure vel Gabiis: & tecum ſic agat: "Hic &
"Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,

"His

" His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear —
" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please: 10
" A perfect genius at an Opera-song ——
" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;
" But Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once, (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
" (Cou'd you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal. 20
3 If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?

" *Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo,*
" *Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles,*
" *Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti*
" *Cuilibet: argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.*
" *Quin etiam canet indoctum sed dulce bibenti.*
" *Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi pleniùs æqua*
" *Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.*
" *Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.*
" *Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere à me*
" *Quivis ferret idem, semel hic cessavit: &, ut fit,*
" *In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.*
" *Des nummos, excepta nihil te si* fuga *lædat.*
3 *Ille ferat pretium, pœna securus, opinor.*
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.

Faith,

Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think * Sir Godfry ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away, 25
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.

4 Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame, and are you diſcontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own aſſent? 30
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

5 In ANNA's Wars, a Souldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night, 35
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,

Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.
4 *Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi*
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
5 *Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis*
Ærumnis laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

* An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pança.

He

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45
"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave" —
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot? 50
"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
6 Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55

Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummûm,
Forte sub hoc tempus castellum *evertere prætor*
Nescio quod *cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem*
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
6 Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantùm nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo *dignoscere* rectum,

(And

(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt, 60
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind, 65
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten * Monroes, 70
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
7 Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;

Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere *verum.*
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti *non reſponſura lacertis.*
Unde ſimul primùm me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris *& fundi, paupertas impulit audax*
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quæ *poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare* cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem quàm ſcribere verſus?
7 *Singula de nobis anni* prædantur *euntes;*

* Dr. MONROE, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.

In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: 75
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.
8 But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroicks only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindarick lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.
9 But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhime, can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts and friends,

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
8 *Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.*
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque duobus.
9 *Præter cætera, me* Romæne *poemata censes*
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?

My

My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Pal'ce-yard at nine you'll find me there —
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry-ſquare — 95
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on —
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one. —
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as they ought; 100
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought,
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guild-hall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs? 105
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--rance in a Car?
10 Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe —— but not aloud.

Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda! " *Verum*
" *Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.*"
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor;
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
10 *I nunc, & verſus* tecum *meditare canoros.*

Alas!

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 115
To Eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at * Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhime in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
11 The Man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat 116
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare: 120
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis & umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, & contacta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
11 *Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit* Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem *dedit, inſenuitque*
Libris & curis, ſtatuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, & riſu populum quatit: hìc ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, & tempeſtatibus Urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?

* Two Villages within a few miles of *London.*

12 The

12 The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls; 130
Each had a gravity wou'd make you split,
And shook his head at M —— y, as a Wit.
Twas, "Sir, your law"--and "Sir, your eloquence"—
"Yours, Cowper's manner--and yours Talbot's Sense."
13 Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

---

12 *Frater erat Romæ Consulti Rhetor; ut alter*
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mucius illi.
Quî minùs argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
13 Carmina *compono, hic* elegos; *mirabile visu!*
"*Cælatumque novem Musis opus!*" *aspice primùm,*
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, & procul audi,
Quid ferat, & quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, & totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?

" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains, 145
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhiming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write: 150
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.

14 In vain bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect,
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue, 155
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace;

Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum.
Cùm ſcribo, & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, & mente receptâ,
Obturem patulas impunè legentibus *aures.*

14 *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm*
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro,
Si taceas, laudant quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum *cupiet feciſſe poema,*
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris *habebunt,*

Such

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes in its stead,
15 In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line; 175
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
" But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance,
" As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Et sine pondere *erunt, &* honore indigna *ferentur,*
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita *recedant,*
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
15 Obscurata *diu populo* bonus *eruet, atque*
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit & deserta vetustas:
Adsciscet nova, *quæ* genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens & liquidus, *puroque simillimus amni,*
Fundet *opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:*
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet.
Ludentis *speciam dabit, &* torquebitur; *ut qui*
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur:

16 If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool; 181
Call, if you will, bad rhiming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord; 185
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a paſty fell, 190
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare ——
My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!

---

16 *Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,*
Dum mea delectent *mala me, vel denique* fallant,
Quàm ſapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis *Argis,*
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo *lætus ſeſſor plauſorque* theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis *hoſpes,*
Comes *in uxorem*; poſſet *qui ignoſcere ſervis,*
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire *lagenæ:*
Poſſet *qui rupem, & puteum vitare patentem.*
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: " *Pol me occidiſtis, amici,*

That

That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note, 196
Have bled, and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
17 Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To ruſes of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul. 205
18 Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
19 If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe? 215

Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſit extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
17 *Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,*
Et tempeſtivum pueris *concedere ludum;*
18 *Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,*
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque *ediſcere* vitæ.
Quocirca mecum *loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor;*
19 *Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,*
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline, faterier audes?

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Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo *lætus ſeſſor plauſorque* theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis *hoſpes,*
Comes *in uxorem*; poſſet *qui ignoſcere ſervis,*
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire *lagenæ:*
Poſſet *qui rupem, & puteum vitare patentem.*
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: "Pol me occidiſtis, amici,

That

That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note, 196
Have bled, and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
17 Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul. 205
18 Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
19 If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe? 215

Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
17 *Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,*
Et tempeſtivum pueris *concedere ludum;*
18 *Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,*
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque *ediſcere* vitæ.
Quocirca mecum *loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor;*
19 *Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,*
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline, fateriere audes?

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

20 When golden Angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty Duke! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'rers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If vile Van-muck lov'd sixpence, more than he.

21 If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:

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20 *Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ*
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; & cùm sis nihilo sapientior, ex quâ
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iisdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minùs te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

21 *Si* proprium *est, quod quis librâ mercatus & ære est,*
Quædam (si credis consultis*) mancipat* usus:
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; & villicus Orbi,
Cùm segetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum sentit —— All

All 22 Worldly's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His Ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit?
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
23 Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men, 240
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
24 Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.

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22 ——— *das nummos; accipis uvam,*
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert vivas numerato nuper, *an* olim?
23 *Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis & arvi,*
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat *uſque* ſuum, *quà populus adſita certis*
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam
24 *Sit* proprium *quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,*
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſupremâ,
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and Pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.

25 Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye, 265
There are who have not — and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

26 Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend you'll [find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one 270
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;

Sic, quia perpetuus *nulli datur* uſus, *& hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſuperveniit undam:
Quid vici *proſunt, aut* horrea? *quidve Calabris*
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

25 *Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,*
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant: eſt qui non curet habere.

26 *Cur alter fratrum* ceſſare, *&* ludere, *&* ungi.
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives *&* importunus, *ad umbram lucis ab ortu*

The

The other flights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:
Why one like Bu—with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament: 275
One, driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill, 28
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
27 Yes Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep. 285
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor wou'd live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare, 290
Divided between careleſneſs and care.

Silveſtrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum;
Scit Genius, *natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:*
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, *mortalis in unumquodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.*
27 *Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poſcit, acervo*
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,
Quod non plura datis *invenerit. & tamen idem*
Scire volam, quantùm ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, & quantum diſcordet parcus avaro;
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;

'Tis

'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore,
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away. 295

28 What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The Ship it ſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

29 "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone: 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Av'rice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?

An potiùs, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque *fruaris tempore* raptim.
28 *Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit. ego, utrûm*
Nave ferar magnâ *an* parvâ; *ferar* unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
29 *Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto*
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?

With

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

30 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage: 325
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales gratè numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior & melior fis accedente senectâ?
Quid te exemta juvat spinis de pluribus una?
30 *Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis.*
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æqua
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentiùs ætas.

THE

The FIRST ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK of
HORACE.

To Venus.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breast;
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms. 5
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There spread roundM**y all your blooming Loves; 10
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

INTERMISSA *Venus diu*
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non sum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domo
Paulli, *purpureis ales oloribus,*

Hei

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd, 15
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Græcian Form,) and Cloe lend the Face; 20
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding Lyres 25
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young deſires;
There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day. 30
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.

Comeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis & decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum *puer* artium,
Latè ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream, ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyræque & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.

Adieu!

Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl, 35
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
——But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee? 40
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt, (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall, 45
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
——Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo: jam volucrem ſequor
Te, per gramina Martii
Campi, te per æquas, dure, volubiles.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. *Swift*; the latter Part now first added.

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THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood 5
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

HOC erat in votis; modus agri non ità magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret: auctius atque

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a Grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die; 10
' I can't but think 'twou'd sound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any Trick, or any Fault;
' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
' And not like forty other Fools;
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other Acre:
" Or if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
" Direct my Plow to find a Treasure:" 20
' But only what my Station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits.
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, Competence:'

Dii melius fecere: bene est: nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria *hæc mihi munera faxis.*
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem;
Si veneror stultus nihil horum; O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat. qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret, ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule! si quod adest, gratum juvat; hac prece te oro
Pingue pecus domino facius, & cætera, præter
Ingenium; *utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis!*

And

'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in Verse as true as Prose;
'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side *Trent*;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with Statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
"Send for him up, take no excuse.
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town.

Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem Satiris, Musaque pedestri?
Nec mala me Ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Instituunt (sic diis placitum) tu carminis esto,
Principium —— Romæ sponsorem me rapis: eja,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue:

I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust my self between? 50
Some Wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To justle here among a croud."
Another in a surly fit, 55
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to express your love,
" You ne'er consider whom you shove,
" But rudely press before a Duke.
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the World should know.
I get a whisper and withdraw;
When twenty Fools I never saw

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mihi obsit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba; facienda injuria tardis:
Quid vis insane? & quas res agis? Improbus urguet
Iratis precibus; tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar: at simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum

Come

Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Case —
That, begs my int'rest for a Place —
A hundred other Men's affairs
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cause is gone —
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two —
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd;
" Consider, 'tis my first request —
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best: —
Then presently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you please; 80
" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
And Mr. Dean, one word from you —
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend;

Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes addit, & instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum

Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Who's Chariot's that we left behind? 90
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?
Such tattle often entertains 95
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great, 105
"Always together, *tête à tête*,
"What, they admire him for his jokes ——
"See but the fortune of some Folks!

In numero, duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, & cui coneredere nugas
Hoc genus; Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus subjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverat una;
Luserat in Campo: Fortunæ filius; omnes.

T here

There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court; 110
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
" Or do the Prints and Papers lye? 115
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
" 'Tis now no ſecret —— I proteſt
'Tis one to me —" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their pay? 120
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd, 125
My choiceſt Hours of life are loſt;

Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem: Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Dii exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil mirantur ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilentî.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux, non ſine votis:

Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book, 130
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below, 135
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe, 140
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the *Houſes*, 145

O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes cœnæque deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva ſolutus
Legibus inſanis; ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, ſeu modicis uvèſcit lætius. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,

But

But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends, 150
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our Friend Dan *Prior*, told (you know)
A Tale extreamly *à propos:* 155
Name a Town-Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of *two Mice.*
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board, 160
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,

Nec, male necne Lepos ſaltet; ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, & neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati?
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne trahat nos?
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus?
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Siquis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes, ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;

Knew

Knew what was handſome, and wou'd do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.* 165
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing, 170
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat. 175
" As ſweet a Cave as one ſhall ſee!
" A moſt Romantic hollow, Tree!
" A pretty kind of Savage Scene!
" But come, for God's ſake, live with Men:
" Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die, 180
" Both ſmall and great, both you and I:

Aſper, & attentus quæſitis, ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum: quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia cœna
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliluſque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem Urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes, terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga: quo bone circa,

" Then

" Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
" (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation. 185
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhip's had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet 190
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors: 195
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête.* 200

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis ævi brevis.— Hæc ubi dicta
Argeſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni ſubrepere: jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia; rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos:
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula cœna,
Quæ procul extructis inerant beſterna caniſtris.

Our

Our Courtier skips from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça èst bon!* Ah *gouter ça!*
"That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing, 205
"Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
Was ever such a happy Swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd — 'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much — but all's so good. 210
"I have a thousand thanks to give —
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the Hall
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
"A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door — 215
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.) 220

Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem, veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes; nec non vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam; cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque;
Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis

"Now

" Now pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame *Deſſert* is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!

Perſonuit canibus. Tum ruſticus, " Haud mihi vita
" Eſt opus hac, ait, & valeas: me ſylva cavuſque
" Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

THE

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

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'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it —— as you do at Court.

QUinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. Atqui

You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenatick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores: 10
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And P—x and P** both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the caſe." 15
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together. 20
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Diſtinction you beſtow;

Si me vivere vis ſanum recteque valentem,
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti
Mæcenas, veniam; dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris;
Dum pueris omnis pater & matercula, pallet;
Officioſaque ſedulitas, & opella forenſis
Adducit febres, & teſtamenta reſignat.
Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, & ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, & hirundine prima.
Non quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,

And

And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotchman does his Plumbs.
" Pray take them, Sir, — Enough's a Feast: 25
" Eat some, and pocket up the rest —
What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues! —
" No Sir, you'll leave them to the *Hogs*.
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to obliege ye. 30
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You gave the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should 35
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe Companion, and a free; 40

Tu me fecisti locupletem: " Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. " At tu quantum vis tolle. Benigne.
" Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono quam si dimittar onustus.
" Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus & stultus donat quæ spernit & odit:
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, & feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus;
Nec tamen ignorat quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.

But If you'd have me always near ——
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 45
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer's Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin;
Cou'd not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the House 55
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation; 60

Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos;
Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, &
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.

Forte per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra:
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait effugere istinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:

Nor

Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency! 70
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd —— just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little House, with Trees a-row,
And like its Master, very low,
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

Nec somnum plebis laudo, satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudâsti; rexque paterque
Audisti coram; nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice si possum donata reponere lætus.
* * * * * * * * *
Parvum parva decent: mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.

To set this matter full before you,
Our old Friend Swift will tell the Story.
" Harley, the Nation's great Support," ——
But you may read it, I stop short.

Sternuus & fortis rebus Philippus agendis, &c.

THE

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. Pope.

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

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THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE Tribe of Templars, Playr's, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the Court in tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and eaſe, 5
Could join the Arts, to ruin, and to pleaſe.

AMbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mæſtum ac ſollicitum eſt cantoris morte Tigelli:
Quippe Benignus *erat* ——

No.

Not ſo, who of ten thouſand gull'd her Knight,
Then aſk'd ten thouſand for a ſecond Night:
The Gallant too, to whom ſhe paid it down,
Liv'd to refuſe that Miſtreſs half a crown. 10

Con. Philips cries, "A ſneaking dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have for their Eſtate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat,
Some damn the Jade, and ſome the Cullies blame, 15
But not Sir H——t, for he does the ſame.

With all a Woman's virtues but the p—x,
Fufidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
For int'reſt, ten per cent. her conſtant rate is;
Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis*. 20
She turns her very Siſter to a job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your fob:

—— *Contra hic, ne prodigus eſſe*
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere poſſit.
Hunc ſi perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata ſtringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obſonia nummis:
"Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Reſpondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fenore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quanto perditior quiſque eſt, tanto acrius urguet.
Nomina ſectatur, modo ſumpta veſte virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,

Yet

Yet ſtarves herſelf, ſo little her own friend,
And thirſts and hungers only at one end:
A Self-Tormentor, worſe than (in the Play) 25
The Wretch, whoſe Av'rice drove his Son away.
But why all this? I'll tell ye, 'tis my Theme:
" Women and Fools are always in extreme.
Ruſa's at either end a Common-ſhore,
Sweet Moll and Jack are Civet-Cat and Boar: 30
Nothing in nature is ſo lewd as Peg,
Yet, for the world, ſhe would not ſhew her leg!
While baſhful Jenny, ev'n at Morning-prayer,
Spreads her Fore-buttocks to the naval bare.
But diff'rent Taſte in diff'rent men prevails, 35
And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails;
Some feel no flames but at the Court or Ball,
And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall.

Jupiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? " *At in ſe*
" *Pro quæſtu ſumtum facit hic.*" *Vix credere poſſis*
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut Pater *ille, Terenti*
Fabula quem miſerum gnato *vixiſſe* fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
" Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen *ad* obſcænum *ſubductis uſque facetus:*
Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt: ſunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſuta talos tegat inſtita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi olente in fornice *ſtantem.*

My

My Lord of L——n, chancing to remark!
A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park, 40
" Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my rev'rend Brother,
" 'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other:
" Better than lust for Boys, with Pope and Turk,
" Or others Spouses, like my Lord of ———
May no such Praise (cries J—s) e'er be mine! 45
J—s, who bows at H—sb—w's hoary Shrine.
All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive;
Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
And pity men of Pleasure still in pain! 50
Survey the pangs they bear, the risques they run,
Where the most lucky are but last undone.
See! wretched Monsieur flies, to save his throat,
And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note!

Quidam notus homo *cum exiret fornice*; " *Macte*
" *Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis,*
" *Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,*
" *Huc juvines æquum est descendere, non alienas*
" *Permolere uxores.* ——
— Nolim laudarier, inquit,
Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi,
Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidet acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:

See

See good Sir George of ragged Livery ſtript, 55
By worthier Footmen piſt upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by Thieves, (or Lawyers, which is worſe)
One bleeds in Perſon, and one bleeds in purſe;
This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel —
And all applaud the juſtice—All but Budgel. 60

How much more ſafe, dear Countrymen! his State,
Who trades in Frigates of the ſecond rate?
And yet ſome care of S—ſt ſhould be had;
Nothing ſo mean for which he can't run mad;
His Wit confirms him but a ſlave the more, 65
And makes a Princeſs whom he found a Whore:
The Youth might ſave much trouble and expence,
Were he a Dupe of only common Senſe.
But here's his point; A Wench (he cries) for me!
" I never touch a Dame of Quality. 70

To Palmer's bed no Actreſs comes amiſs,
He courts the whole *Perſonæ Dramatis:*

Hanc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam teſtis, caudamque ſalacem
Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.
Tutior at quanto merx eſt in claſſe ſecunda!
Libertinarium dico: Salluſtius in qua
Non minus inſanit, quam qui mœchatur: at hic ſi,
Qua res, qua ratio ſuadere, quaque modeſte
Munifico eſſe licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Eſſe; daret quantum ſatis eſſet, nec ſibi damno
Dedecorique foret. verum hoc ſe amplectitur uno,
Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.
Ut quondam Marſæus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,

He

He too can ſay, "With Wives I never ſin."
But Singing Girls and Mimicks draw him in.
Sure, worthy Sir, the diff'rence is not great, 75
With whom you loſe your Credit and Eſtate?
This, or that perſon, what avails to ſhun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The eaſe, ſupport, and luſtre of your life,
Deſtroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife. 80
What puſh'd poor Ellis on th' Imperial Whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal Steel unjuſtly was apply'd,
When not his Luſt offended, but his Pride?
Too hard a Penance for defeated ſin, 85
Himſelf ſhut out, and Jacob Hall let in.
Suppoſe that honeſt part that rules us all,
Should riſe, and ſay,—Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!

Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
Verum eſt cum mimis, eſt cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. an tibi abunde
Perſonam ſatis eſt, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum eſt ubicumque. quid inter
Eſt in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?
Villius in Fauſta Sullæ gener, hoc miſer uno
Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit uſque, ſuperque
Quam ſatis eſt; pugnis cæſus, ferroque petitus,
Excluſus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.
Huic ſi, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videntis

"Did

" Did I demand, in my moſt vig'rous hour,
" A Thing deſcended from the Conqueror? 90
" Or when my pulſe beat higheſt, aſk for any
" Such Nicety, as Lady, or Lord Fanny?—
What would you anſwer? could you have the face,
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his caſe,
To cry, " You weep the favours of her GRACE?
Hath not indulgent Nature ſpread a feaſt, 96
And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beaſt,
But Man corrupt, perverſe in all his ways,
In ſearch of Vanities, from Nature ſtrays:
Yea, tho' the bleſſing's more than he can uſe, 100
Shuns the permitted, the forbid purſues!
Weigh well the Cauſe from whence theſe Evils ſpring,
'Tis in thyſelf, and not in God's good thing:
Then, leſt repentance puniſh ſuch a life,
Never, ah, never! kiſs thy Neighbour's Wife. 105

Diceret hæc animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
Magno prognatum deposco consule cunnum,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conserbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.
At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
Dives opis natura suæ! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiscere.
— Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne pœniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

First,

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer shape,
Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble Crape:
And secondly, how innocent a Belle
Is she who shows what ware she has to sell?
Not Lady like, displays a milk-white Breast, 110
And hides, in sacred Sluttishness, the rest.
Our ancient Kings, (and sure those Kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own eyes)
A War-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the cloaths; 115
For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heaving side.
But Fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye:
No Eagle sharper, ev'ry charm to find, 120
To all defects, Ty——y not so blind:

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit; neque si quid honesti est
Jactat habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur; opertos
Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est; emtorem ducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
Contemplare oculis; Hypsæa cæcior, illa

Goose-

Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed is my Dear?
They'll praise her Elbow, Heel, or Tip o' th' ear.
A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M—shows the rest) 125
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! Obstacles by dozens! Cousins!
Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and
Could you directly to her Person go, 130
Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below,
And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.
Not thus at N—dh—m's; your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh!
And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law, 135
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw?

Quæ mala sunt, spectas. O crus, o brachia! verum
Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.
Matronæ, præter faciem, nil cernere possis;
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum officient res;
Custodes, lectica, cinisiones, parasitæ;
Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
Plurima, quæ invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Coïs tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
Insidias fieri pretiumque avellier, ante
Quam mercem ostendi?

" The Hare once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
" The little Scut he so pursu'd before;
" Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn sings)
" And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has wings." 140
Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think ye to cure the mischief with a Song?
Has Nature set no bounds to wild Desire?
No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire,
What solid Happiness, what empty Pride, 145
And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?
If neither Gems adorn, nor silver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed
Except on Pea-chicks, at the Bedford-head? 150
Or, when a tight neat Girl will serve the turn,
In errant pride, continue stiff and burn?

—" *Leporem venator ut alta*
" *In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:*"
Cantat, & adponit, " *meus est amor huic similis: nam*
" *Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.*"
Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
Atque æstus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus statuat Natura modum quem,
Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?
Num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia præter
Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si
Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?

I'm

I'm a plain Man, whose maxim is profest,
"The thing at hand is of all things the best."
But her who will, and then will not comply, 155
Whose word is, If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
Z—ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take—
So B—t cries, Philosopher and Rake!
Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear. 160
Give me a willing Nymph! ('tis all I care,)
Extreamly clean, and tolerably fair;
Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
And just that white and red which Nature gave:
Her I transported touch, transported view, 165
And call her Angel! Goddess! Montague!
No furious Husband thunders at the door:
No barking dog, no houshold in a roar;
From gleaming swords no shrieking Women run!
No wretched Wife cries out, Undone! undone! 170

Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque.
Illam, Post paullo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,
Gallis hanc, Philodemus ait; sibi, quæ neque magno
Stet pretio, nec cunctetur, cum est jussa venire
Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Hæc ubi suppositit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulsa domus strepitu resonet; ne pallida lecto
Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;

Seiz'd in the fact, and in her Cuckold's pow'r,
She kneels, ſhe weeps, and worſe! reſigns her Dow'r.
Me, naked me, to Poſts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law. 175
Oh Love! be deep Tranquility my luck,
No Miſtreſs H—yſh—m near, no Lady B—ck:
For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell;
This truth let L—l, J—ys, O—w tell.

Cruribus hæc metuat, doti hæc deprenſa, egomet mi.
Diſcincta tunica fugienda eſt, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut puga, aut denique fama.
Deprehendi miſerum eſt! Fabio vel judice vincam.

THE

THE

SATIRES

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE*,

Dean of St. PAUL'S,

VERSIFYED.

Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lucili *scripta legentes*
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius? HOR.

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THE

Second SATIRE

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abbors; 5
As who knows Sapho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings dearth *and* Spaniards *in:*

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, a l allow. 10
Yet like the Papiſts, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Hear a lean Bard whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condem'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Te' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below. 20
One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move,
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These

Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate;
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by his labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.

And

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30
'Tis chang'd no doubt from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyr's 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
To out-doe dildoes, or out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be

As

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do.
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?

Pierce

As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandments large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, *only, breeds my just offence,*
Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
Then are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'r he goes

His

Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known, 65
If Peter deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſupplies,
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretyſhip that brought 'em there. 70

His

His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
*And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.****
———*Words, words, which would tear*
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear;
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,

And

His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you, he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots Peter puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe, 75
And lies to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite —— or like a King.
  Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly ——
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80
Nor more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal,
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand: 85
And

And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite —— or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots *to* Wight, *from* Mount *to* Dover *ſtrand.*

And

And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or City heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil Codes, with all their glosses, are; 95
So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the Church for writing less.

But

And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are fathers of the Church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes
When Luther *was professt, he did desire*
Short Pater-nosters, *saying as a Fryer*
Each day his Beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause

But

But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs 100
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even ſong; 105
But having caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Pow'r and Glory* clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire, 110
No kitchen emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well,

But when he ſells or changes land, h'impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ſes heires,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within doore.
Where the old landlord's troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals

Equally

Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs; 115
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works 'tis true we all allow; 120
But, oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extreamly rare,
Extreamly fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant prevert my ſenſe, 125
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs,
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

THE

THE

Fourth SATIRE

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With

WELL; *I may now receive, and die. My ſin*
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.

My

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd; 10
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court! — the Dev'l wou'd have it so.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
Wou'd go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!

Scarce

My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
Before he scapt; So it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wond'rous shelves contain, 30
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the Moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
And the wise Justice starting from his chair
Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

His

Such was th' weight: Th' apparel on his back
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,

The

His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black,
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [though bare,
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,

The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55
These I cou'd bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out, I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if——'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most?--" The *King*'s, said I.
But the best *words?*—" O Sir, the *Dictionary*.

You

Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Out flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God
How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.

Nay

You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt accute 70
And perfect *Speaker?*— "Onſlow, paſt diſpute.
But Sir, of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile.
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was; 75
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown, 80
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove your ſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood. 85
"Obliging

Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd: here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo Panurgus was;
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,

" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
" Why then for ever buried in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen.
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajol us — 90
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Sparton way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies:
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things 100
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the royal Family;

He

You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretch'd Lute-ſtring ſqueaks, O ſir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes

Of

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe, — your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchman ?" Mine, d'ye mean ?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo, nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not Sir my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille — 115
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke,
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;

So

Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is Kings ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, courſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me,
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaſ'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grown'd

So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe, 120
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "what News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies,
Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollingſheds, or Halls, or Stows. 131
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that?
Who ſins with whom? who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug? 135
Whoſe

Into an edge; hurts worſe So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the Queen *frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what*
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;

Who

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore?
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government?
Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor?
Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?
Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town? 145
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What' Squire his lands, what citizen his wife?
And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
What Lady's face is not a whited wall?
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:

Trims

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse he notes,
Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet

He

Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart. 155
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port. 165
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,

Than

He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came, to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priveledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars *thrive ill becauſe* delaid;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards *ſhare, and* Dunkirkers.

I more

Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me, 170
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by. 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd

I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, ſir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;
Nay, ſir, can you ſpare me a crown? thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will

Thruſt

I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid to ſee 180
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe: 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.

Baſe

Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me;
But he is gone, thanks to this needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſt than one
Who fears more Actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear

Becomes

Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205
No pox on those who shew a * *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:

Such

Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my mistress truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your † Waxen garden, and

* A famous show of the Court of *France*, in Waxwork.

† A show of the *Italian* Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King *James* the First.

Transl-

Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things —— 210
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.
See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, †at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears?
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And

Tranſported it, from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the Preſence, *and I, (God pardon me)*

† White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

As

And why not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt. 125
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: How each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim, 130
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And "ſweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 135
'Twou'd

As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well.
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirats (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel,
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.

He

'Twou'd burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin;
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs be-ſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head.

Thus

He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoo, himſelf at door reſine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſch: and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.

So

Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest:* 255
Peace fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

But

So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
A a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu *so oft, that a*
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260
Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:
The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding womans curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law. 270
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from Jayls to execution go;

For

But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelesness, good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd,

For hung with * deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
Each man an *Askapart*, of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.

Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine: 280
Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satyr's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:

'Tis

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from goals to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins? being among
Thoſe Aſkaparts †, *men big enough to throw*
Charing Croſs *for a bar, men that do know*
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie —— Preachers which art
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be

* The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

† A Giant famous in Romances.

'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With Maccabees *modesty) the known merit*
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

EPILOGUE

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TO THE

SATIRES,

In Two Dialogues.

Written in 1738.

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Written in 1738.

DIALOGUE I.

FR.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel —— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter." 10
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H—ggins *knew the Town*,
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15
In rev'rend Su--n note some *small Neglects*,
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating stile
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful Manager, that crept between 21
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.†
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more —
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!— hum —
And never laugh — for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt, 35
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

---

† *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.
PERS.

F. Why

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man, ſo near 45
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe. 50
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and if your Friends are ſore, 55
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come harmleſs Characters that no one hit, 65
Come Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!

The

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that easy Ciceronian stile,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!
So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
No *Gazeteer* more innocent than I ——
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire know its Time and Place,
You still may lash the Greatest — in Disgrace:
For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—te!
Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These, may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a King!

There,

There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the ſenſe of human Miſeries, 101
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory, 106
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke 115
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120
Is it for Bond or Peter, (paltry Things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If * Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, Illuſtrious † Paſſeran!

* Author of a Book intitled, The Oracles of Reaſon.
† Author of another, called a Philoſophical Discourſe on *Death*.

But

But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*. 130
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe, in Doctrine — yea, in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukwark Shame, 135
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.
Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead. 150
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his Arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our

Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame." 160
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore;
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry —
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villany." 170
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in 1738.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line, 5
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giants ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh; 10
Ev'n * Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.

* The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Spare

Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſowze on all the kind. 15
Ye Stateſman, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſman vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts, *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Sifter, who forſwore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame. *F.* You mean- *P.* I don't. *F.* You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—*F.* Hold! too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—*F.* There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires; 30
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean——
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade. 35
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,

* Jonathan Wild.

Or

Or if a Court or Country's made a Job, 40
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice?
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or if the thing, 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor *rise* nor *fall?*
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65

Pleas'd

Pleas'd let me own, in * *Esher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud List should end,
Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.

* The House and Gardens of *Esher* in *Surrey*, designed by Mr. *Kent*.

Yet

Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe: 95
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my † LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave: 101
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.

F. Then why ſo few commended?

P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe. 106
But random Praiſe — the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen. 110
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 116
What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:

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† Sir John Barnard.

To

To *Cato, Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line; 121
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out, 125
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lye. 130
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life, 135
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine
Oh All-accompliſh'd St. JOHN! deck thy Shrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 142
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt, 145
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead. 150

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt, 155
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do ——
F. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S——k writ?
Or P——ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend, 161
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend.*]
To W——le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you; he only ſtain'd th Gown. 166
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame, 170
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame;
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords, 175
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there's confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;

From

From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouſe: 180
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy Simile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—*P.* So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-Cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement. 185
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write,
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown, 190
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows? 195
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures, 200
Th'Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind. 205
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see 210
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence! 215
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rend I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall, 220
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away: 225
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a publick Cause, 230
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the † Feather to a Star.

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† See his Ode on *Namur*; where (to use his own words) *il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche qui le Roy porte ordinairement a son Chapeau, & qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.*

Not

Not ſo, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* [Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to dye,
And ope's the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear, 240
And may deſcend to Mor—ton from STAIR:
(Such, as on * HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY! from a Heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not conſer'd by Kings; 245
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw, 250
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law:
Here, Laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line. 255
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man*.

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* Dr. *Hough* Biſhop of *Worceſter*.

F I N I S.